*Enter* Benuolio.

*Ben.* O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
*Ro.* This dayes blacke fate, on moe dayes doth depend,
This but begins, the woe others muſt end.
*Ben.* Here comes the furious *Tibalt* backe againe.
*Ro.* He gon in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen reſpectiue lenitie,
And fire and furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine back againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.
*Ti.* Thou wretched boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
*Ro.* This ſhall determine that.
*They fight.* Tibalt *falls.*
*Ben. Romeo*, away, be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tibalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince will doome thee death,
If thou art taken, hence begone, away.
*Ro.* O, I am fortunes foole.
*Ben.* Why doſt thou ſtay?

*Exit.* Romeo.

*Enter Citizens.*

*Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
*Tibalt*, that murtherer, which way ran he?
*Ben.* There lyes that *Tibalt*.
*Citi.* Vp, ſir, goe with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old* Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
*Ben.* O noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie manage of this fatall brall,

There



There lyes the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman, braue *Mercutio*.
*Capu. Wi. Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman, Prince, as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of *Montague*.
O Cozin, Cozin.
*Prin. Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
*Ben. Tibalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
*Romeo* that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered.
With gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breaſt,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexteritie
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,
His agill arme beates downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertayn'd reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
*Ca. Wi.* He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twentie could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt giue: